

# ABORTED SOCIETY

WORK: A MEASUREMENT OF WASTED TIME

ISSUE #5

SPRING/SUMMER 2002 AD

\$1.00

FREE FOR THE BLIND



STARTING A CRUST BAND FOR DUMMIES  
GROWING GONTS BY SHIT TALKING  
BICYCLES ARE PUNK BUSH GETS HARD  
GAMES REVIEWS TRAVEL COMICS



# CREDITS



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## EXCERPTS STOLEN FROM:

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 "NEVER EAT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN YOUR HEAD" BY B. KLIBAN  
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 FRANCE, KENT AND EBULLITION, ALAN THREEWIT AND THE LBC, ANDY  
 SHOCKER AND THE PUNK SHOCKER ZINE FROM NEWCASTLE, ZACH,  
 JOSH, AND THE QUEEN CITY PRESS (RIP), SINGLES GOING STEADY,  
 FALLOUT RECORDS, CONFOUNDED BOOKS, AND TO ALL OF OUR  
 FRIENDS- Y'ALL KNOW WHO YOU ARE...

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SO, YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET RID OF US DID YOU? GUESS  
 AGAIN, EVE LIBERTINE, 'CAUSE WE'RE BACK WITH A VENGEANCE AND A  
 SEXY CORPORATE IMAGE THAT WILL SWEEP THE PANTS OFF OF THE  
 ZINE COMMUNITY! THIS IS ISSUE #5, A HALLMARK IN OUR ONGOING  
 CAMPAIGN OF DESTRUCTION AND CHAOS, BLOWING THE STUDS OFF  
 YOUR JACKET AND WINNING THE HEARTS OF THE UNAMUSED. YOU  
 MIGHT FIND THAT WE'VE TAKEN A SLIGHTLY NEW DIRECTION WITH THIS  
 AND FUTURE ISSUES OF THE ZINE (IF THERE WILL BE ANY). DO NOT BE  
 ALARMED DEAR READER (AND WE THINK YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY BE THE  
 ONLY READER). WE HAVE SHIFTED OUR FOCUS TO BETTER SERVE THE  
 NEEDS OF THE PUNK COMMUNITY, WHICH IS DESPERATELY NEEDING A  
 GOOD KICK IN THE ASS. IF YOU CAME ACROSS THIS ISSUE IN SEARCH  
 OF THE SAME REGURGITATED BULLSHIT THAT YOU FIND IN ANY GIVEN  
 PUNK ZINE, THEN CHANCES ARE YOU ARE JUST ANOTHER BORING  
 SERIOUS PERSON WHO HAS NO FUN WHATSOEVER AND PROBABLY JUST  
 DESERVES TO DIE. IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A LITTLE ESCAPE FROM  
 THE SOAPBOX INACTIVISM, FINGER-POINTING, AND MISQUOTING THAT  
 HAS PLAGUED THE PUNK ZINE COMMUNITY FOR DECADES, THEN WE  
 MIGHT BE ABLE TO DIRECT YOU TO A ZINE THAT WILL SUIT THOSE  
 NEEDS. AND THAT ZINE MIGHT ACTUALLY BE SITTING IN YOUR HANDS  
 THIS VERY MINUTE, STARING AT YOU - THE BIG FAT ASSHOLE. THIS  
 ISSUE IS MEANT TO ACCOMPANY YOU WHILE AT WORK, THE BANE OF  
 OUR EXISTENCE, THE ROCK IN OUR BOOT, THE SAGON IN OUR VEGAN  
 CASSEROLE. WORK IS WHERE WE SPEND THE MAJORITY OF OUR DAY,  
 AND IT'S ALSO THE ONLY THING ANYONE SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO TALK  
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 ASSOC HATE WORK, BUT WE DO IT SO WE CAN SPEND TIME AT  
 KINKO'S MAKING A ZINE DEDICATED TO BITCHING ABOUT WORK. SO  
 FUCK YOU, HERE'S OUR NOISE, DON'T TURN THIS RAG INTO EMERGENCY  
 TOILET PAPER, THANKS FOR LISTENING, AND CLEAN YOUR ROOM.

LOVE, ROB

ABORTED SOCIETY WORLD DOMINATION HEADQUARTERS





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ABORTED SOCIETY WORLD DOMINATION HEADQUARTERS



# WE <sup>R</sup>~~EAT~~ <sup>V</sup>~~YOUR~~ <sup>D</sup> LETTERS

Yes that's right loyal reader, this issue we are actually reading your letters! And as a very special guest we have our own beloved Meegan The Vegan here to answer them...



Dearest Aborted Society,  
Is Rob a Cutie Patootie or a Hottie Boboddy?  
Signed: The Girls of Wilting Willows Retirement Center.

Hate to break it to you obviously desperate girls, but Rob's neither. He's actually a Fatty Boombalattie!  
-MTV

ABSOC  
So you guys live together huh? What's that like?  
Signed: Concerned ABSOC fan from next door.

Well concerned, Rob says he'll probably never get that smell out of his shower cap and Jack says it's the best sex he's ever had!  
-MTV

To whom it may concern,  
I am a twelve year old boy born with no arms no legs and no pancreas. In order to have the needed organ transplants which will enable me to live a normal life I need fifteen million dollars. The doctors say the procedure is very radical and this is the reason it will cost so much. Unfortunately I was found as an infant beneath a coal heap behind a smelting factory and therefore do not know who my Mother and Father are. I was raised by a kindly old man who salvages steel for enough money to keep us fed, but we are very poor and cannot even come close to

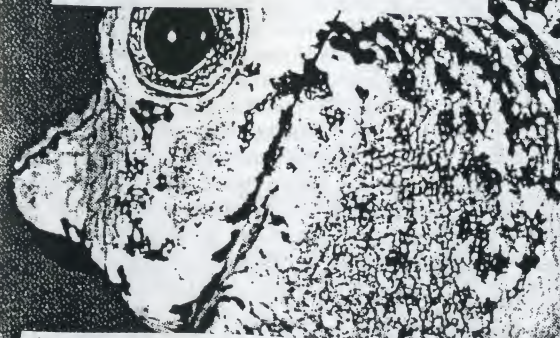
procuring the needed funds for my operation. If you could send me twenty dollars and then send this letter to twenty of your friends it will only take six and a half years to raise the fifteen million dollars. Maybe then I could go to my high school prom without flooding my tuxedo with excrement! Thank you, this letter was written for me by my kindly adopted father Bernard.

Bernard Furtwangler Jr.

Bernard, you may be a pancreasless quadra-amputee, but I'm a badass vegan mother fucker and if you ever cross my path I will kick for the extra point and make you the sorriest football with a mouth I ever laid my fucking eyes on. Oh, and enclosed is twenty bucks you shit wallowing flounder!  
-MTV

So, ABSOC, are the characters in the Boozey comic based on real people? And if so, who?  
Signed: Jasper Hakley

Hey Jasper, I'll show you who's real you little parrot punching Barbi-from-the-waist-down! I'll reel your tongue onto a fishing rod and then yank yer guts out as if you were a marlin fighting for it's life in a deep sea fishing adventure and your asshole will be flapping in the wind like the trumpets that blow the song of my victory! Real, you know what's real? You're a real fucking shit breather. Oh yeah, the comic is all made up if that's what you were asking.  
-MTV



↑ ACTUAL PICTURE OF READER!!!

Dear Aborted Society Scum,

I'm a concerned mother of two eighteen year old boys and am quite concerned by the amount of drug and alcohol glorification present in your zine. Explain to me how you can, on one hand, preach for a productive punk scene where all work together for change, and on the otherhand, expouse the virtues of binge drinking and drug enduced comas? I think you Aborted Society miscreants should work out your contradictions and then find someone to give you a nasty slap on the bottom for being such naughty boys!  
Signed: Madeline Allbanof

Okay you dumb fucking trollop with a coat, you obviously don't get the joke. Life is a contradiction. Why else do you think a Straight Edge Vegan like me hangs out with a fucking retard like Boozey? Go stick your curlers in the microwave and ram 'em up your fucking ass. Then, write a letter to someone who might actually care what you fucking think like TIME or NEWSWEEK or whatever you celery eating shifts read these days.  
-MTV

Oh yeah, you got some mail.





ABSOC 4 ME OK

Say, I heard from a guy who's got a friend who knows J@CK, and he says J@CK smell's like a Manimal who never made the transformation back to human and has been rolling around in his own shit for thirty years. Take that smell and pour on gallons of old moldy listerine mouth wash and you might have a close match. Don't you all believe in hygiene? I mean what's so punk about not taking a shower?

Signed: Toby Scroty

Toby, the boys fully endorse good hygiene. And J@CK does shower frequently, but he tends to do so in bucketfuls of moldy Listerine. No tartar problem under his ballsack!

-MTV

ANOTHER SATISFIED  
READER JUST LIKE YOU!!!



Aborted Society,

I've got a burning question, what's all of your favorite colors?

Signed: Roland Buttermaker

Listen Buttermaker, you've got a burning question, I've got burning urination, so shut the fuck up! Oh yeah, the color scheme around here seems to be a warm shade of muave. So stick that in your ass and smoke it!

-MTV

Dear Aboring Sorority

Can you help me get chicks?

Signed: Hank Pulworth

Hank, if you're asking these guys you better yank the little Hank for all you're Pulworth. And watch what the fuck you call a chick you ball belching can of pickled squirrel tits or next time I'll shove my foot so far up your ass I'll make a puppet show outta you, except it'll be with my foot so all the kids will cry and say, "I think Mr. Puppet is retarded!" And I don't like people making fun of the physically challenged either so I'll have to kick the kids asses and they'll be like the back row chorus of your puppet serenade, one little brat on each fucking toe, and you'll have such a nice time singing together you'll cut a record and call it the Ass On Foot Puppet Revival and make loads of money except I'll sue you for every penny your worth since I started the whole fucking thing, and then you'll be pennyless AND have an ass the size of my foot. Oh yeah, my Mom's free if you're not doing anything Saturday night?

-MTV

TWO WHEELS GOOD!!! FOUR WHEELS  
BAD!!!

OR  
THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE  
MOTORIZED!!!

So this is supposed to be the work issue of AS huh? Well, since my slave trade lately is as a bike messenger, I suppose I'll just ramble about bikes till you're blue in the face. HOW EXCITING! No, not really. But there are a few things about bikes I would like to

point out that most people reading this probably already know. So why bother? Well, it gives me something to do on a boring Tuesday night. First, they use no fossil fuel like splitting hairs). This means they're not destructive to the environment and you

won't see a major war started over brake pads or chain rings anytime soon. Second, bikes make YOU feel good. Seriously, nothing cures illness, depression, or insomnia like some red faced sweaty assed excersize (you lover types will undoubtedly prefer to get your red faced sweaty assed excersize the old fashioned way, more power to ya!). This excersize also means less trips to the doctor as you get on in years. And

since the medical industry is one of the most powerful political lobbyists in this country, it makes good sense to boycott their shit. Third, bikes weaving in and out of car traffic really pisses motorists off! FUCK EM! They should be riding a fucking bike! Basically, if you give a shit about politics, the earth, and yourself, you should quit being so lazy and get on yer bike! In addition, I'd just like to say that I fit four bags of groceries into my messenger bag tonight just before I sat down to write this, and I

got them home easily (bananas squished of course). So bikes definitely aren't inconvenient, you just have to know how to use them. And the trick to learning how to use them, is by getting off your veggie chili and garden burger stuffed ass and start peddling today. Other reasons bikes rule- Parking? What's that? Do I need a computer and an engineering degree to fix my bike? Hell no! (although I'm not very good at it, and usually end up breaking more than I fix, most people aren't as completely spastic as I am). Is it fun to blow snot rockets at Jaguars whilst doing thirty five downhill?

Hell ya! Once in a while I can even get so slick as to be able to clip a rock off the road with my tire and smack it into a car next to me. Does it chip the paint? I don't know! Who cares! It's still fucking fun! And so I'd like to finish by saying that there is probably no more exhilarating rush than flying down the hills of Seattle with nothing between you and the rest of the world than a few pounds of aluminum. Raaahhhh!!! So there you have my treatise on why the revolution will not be motorized, and I actually hope this does sound like some sort of cheeseball commercial, cause you know what, it seems like that's what most people respond to these days. Anyways, keep the rubber side down,

J@CK '02



# HOW TO START YOUR VERY OWN

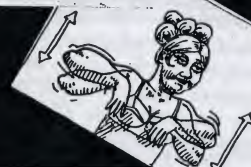
## HARDCORE PUNK BAND!!!

So, you want to start a band, eh? Well, we here at ABSOC know how hard it can be to be creative, I mean, just look at this zine for fuck's sake. After months of time-wasting, sleeping, and procrastination we finally got around to the day-long intensive research it took to break down hardcore punk band formation to a *science*. What you see presented before you is a culmination of that procrastinated work, in hopes to inspire some of you to get off your couch and to start excelling in mediocrity. Because what this world needs are more black and white seven inches, more boring lyrics, and more co-opting of really good bands from the '80's. Playing in a band is not only fun, it's a way to claim that you're doing something for the punk community without actually having to do anything.

Fig. 1  
FOUR USELESS MOTIONS



Fig. 2  
SHAVED MEMBERS COLLABORATING



You will need at least three people, and can have as many as six, but no more. The only distinguishing characteristic between them will be the band logos on their patches. At least one person is going to have to live in a house with a basement that you can practice in. This will preferably not be your house. The following criteria will apply to narrow your scope a little. You must have at least four selected before proceeding. Members may share more than one of the traits:

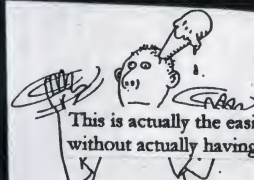
- Meat-eater, but is also really good at their instrument and cannot be spared for "political consistency."
- Stoned ALL the time.
- Claims to be the world's biggest Antischism fan.
- The most anal record geek on Earth.
- Perv
- Thief who will eventually steal band's tour money
- Future sales rep for a multi-national Fortune 500 corporation
- Booger eater
- Closet Nazi
- Aspiring spoken word artist
- Soapbox jockeying preacher that does absolutely nothing in real life



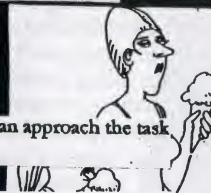
ABSOC. Making Jazzercizing a threat again.

IN ORDER TO SATISFY THEIR MANIA FOR BAND NAMING

HOURS ARE SQUANDERED



This is actually the easiest part of the mission, and there's three easy ways you can approach the task without actually having to put any thought into anything.



### METHOD 1: OBSCURE 80'S HARDCORE PUNK BAND'S ALBUM TITLE

Simply dig through your record collection and, *voila* With such a plethora of awesome, innovative, and most importantly, esoteric bands from the 80's to choose from, the options are seemingly endless. Here's some that haven't been taken yet: Rat in a Maze, Death Church, Equalizing Distort, Strive to Survive, Bonecrusher, Money is Not My Currency.

### METHOD 2: PART OF ONE BAND NAME-CONJUNCTION-PART OF ANOTHER BAND NAME

This is probably one of the most commonly used methods, and takes absolutely zero creativity as well! Blindly grab two records from your collection and combine parts of their titles! We tried this one to come up with the following examples:

Flux of Parasites, Amebix of Chaos, Fleas and Disorder, Vibrators of War, Conflict of 77.

### METHOD 3: NEGATING PREFIX+ANY FUCKING WORD

So easy it hurts my intestines just thinking about it.

Discarpet, Anticondiment, Unfurniture, Defluoride, Nonhemorrhage

### NEVER MIND THE ORIGINALITY HERE'S THE LYRICS

Now that you have your members lined up and are ready to start kicking some serious studded jacketed ass, the rather difficult procedure of song writing comes into play. Don't worry about the music, because your band members will be sure to rip off as many classic riffs as they can get their grubby little fingers on. The lyrics are where you must collaborate all of your co-opting skills and really put them to the test. You are encouraged to steal as many lines from other band's songs as possible. The less thought you put into your lyrical content, the less your audience will actually have to think, which rules. Because we certainly don't want to encourage original thought in the punk community, would we? People might start questioning themselves, and have total political and psychological breakdowns resulting in emotional and spiritual growth. Here are the song topics you are allowed to choose from. Any deviation will be considered to be "totally fucked." Possible titles for the songs are in parentheses.

- The police and how they are total assholes (I'll Serve and Protect)
- The system and how it totally doesn't work (The System Doesn't Fucking Work)
- The kids and how they must be given a chance (The Kids are A-OK)
- The earth and how it's totally being destroyed (The Rape of the Mother)
- The future and how we don't really have one (No Future No Popsicles)
- War and why it must be fucking stopped (The Cries of the Innocent)
- Uniting punks and why it's important (Only Hope for Survival)
- Equality and why we must fucking have it (Unbalanced Equation)
- Veganism and why you're totally fucked if you're not one (Hear the Howls)
- The media and why they're totally lying to us (This Just In)
- Nuclear war and why it would be a bad idea to start one (Time Bomb)

HA HA  
I'M ABORTED



By the time your band writes a song for each one of these topics, it will be time for the project to break up, so don't worry about running out of ideas. That's the convenience of playing in a hardcore punk band, that by the time you actually start doing something, the band breaks up and you have to start all over again. It's like perpetually losing a game of Sorry!, except you get street-cred for it. Make sure that when these songs are performed live, your singer spends at least twice as much time explaining the lyrics than the band actually takes to play the tune. This way, you can drill the regurgitated nonsense you're spewing forth into the minds and hearts of impressionable youths, ensuring that they will blindly follow the lead that you're blindly following yourself. When all is played and done, the cycle of ineffectuality in the punk community will be perpetuated, and we all can continue rocking the rock without walking the walk. Love, ABSOC. @



There comes a time when revelling in our heart-wrenching teen angst and adolescent disillusionment takes second stage to coping with a bitter, anti-climatic reality: being forced to work for a living. And nothing can strip the very heart and soul right out of a human being more than the debasing act of renting yourself to some jackass that will make loads of money off of your sweat and give you almost nothing in return. And yeah, some people get really lucky and get to spend all day at their jobs sitting around doing nothing, but how many people do you know actually enjoy going to work? If you do happen to know people who just *love* going to work, I'd be very suspicious of them. They're probably assholes.



Yet, if you want to try and live somewhat of a productive existence and enjoy things like hot water and maybe food, you really have no choice in the matter but to work for the money to pay for it all. That's the nagging, sinister paradox of being opposed to capitalism: having to exist as an integral link in the capitalist structure itself. And unless you want to be living in a forest, weaving baskets and fashioning papyrus zines with John Zerzan, you're stuck in the machine. The only thing you can do is find something that doesn't make you want to slit your wrists every time you punch in and start your shift. Good luck with that one these days, folks.



## WORK: A MEASUREMENT OF WASTED TIME.

ABSOC. Fuck you and the high horse you rode in on.

Well, when you do find a job, try making it a priority to figure out what kind of resources you can siphon from the bloodsuckers that employ you. In order to combat the capitalist mentality we have to create a network of the subversive employed, the brave few who will continuously hook friends up with whatever service that they are being paid shit to provide. Whether it's free pints at the neighborhood bar, free pictures from the local photo developing shop, or free copies of some stupid sarcastic zine from the local litigation copy center, the more we can remove ourselves from the act of spending money the better. That way, we will inevitably have more money to invest in important things, like pints at the neighborhood bar when your buddy gets busted for hooking you up with free ones. And more importantly, you can use your bastard employer's resources to help fuel your rebellion against people like your bastard employer. Work is hell, but it's a reality in this country that unless you're independently wealthy, you'll have to face up to it some day.

*Business on Parade*



*Cracker Salter*



So, look through your office, kitchen, construction site, or production floor, and suss out any kind of material good or service you can get away with nabbing. And ideally, nabbing in mass quantities. As long as you're being grossly underpaid for breaking your back, take as much as you can for yourself and for others. Use the thing you hate the most to build a backbone in what you truly believe in. Otherwise, you'll end up another faceless cog turning the gears of a mechanism that has no consideration for anything but itself.

"If you gotta job / where they treat you like a slave / where they treat you like a zombie / in their corporate grave / if you work in an office / making tea for the bosses / while they are getting rich / on ten times your pay / they may think you're stupid / but you're working undercover / you've got the potential to disobey / SUBVERT"

Zounds - "Subvert" 1980.

LOVE, RAB



# SCENE GOSSIP MAD-LIBS

## ★ FOR THE PEOPLE! ★

HOW TO PLAY: Grab two friends (or pay some people to act as your friends) and don't let them look at the zine. Blank lines are interjected throughout the dialogue below. Use the clues in parentheses and coerce your friends to help you fill in the blanks without reading them the script. After you're done, read the zine aloud and much punk rock back biting fun will be had by all who participate! It's like, totally rad to talk about stuff you totally have no clue about!!!!

"How's it going \_\_\_\_\_, haven't seen you in forever!"  
(Name of person in room)

"Hey \_\_\_\_\_, it's soooooo rad to see you! Man, we should totally go  
(Name of another person in room)

camping sometime! Me and \_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_ go up all the time!"  
(Guy's name) (Stupid band)

"Totally. Oh my god, did you hear about \_\_\_\_\_?! Well, \_\_\_\_\_ has  
(Controversial scenester's name) (he/she)

been hanging out with \_\_\_\_\_, you know, from \_\_\_\_\_?  
(local junkie) (ultra-P.C. band from the early 90's)

He looked totally strung out and asked me for spare change out front of \_\_\_\_\_."  
(name of a gas station)

"That's fucking crazy! You know what I heard? You'll never believe this! \_\_\_\_\_  
(random person you haven't seen in months)

flipped out a few weeks ago and became a \_\_\_\_\_ !!! I saw \_\_\_\_\_ standing  
(Choose: Christian / Nazi / Sub Pop Employee) (him / her)

outside of \_\_\_\_\_ passing out pamphlets and wearing a \_\_\_\_\_!"  
(Popular all-ages punk venue) (Choose: Klan robe / pair of Birkenstocks)

"Wow, that sure is scandalous! Have you seen \_\_\_\_\_ lately?"  
(close friend of a friend)

"No, I haven't in awhile. We used to hang out together at \_\_\_\_\_ all the time."  
(lame scenester bar)

"Yeah, \_\_\_\_\_'s pretty cool, except for that time that \_\_\_\_\_ and  
(he/she) (he/she) (dicking out really bad)

totally \_\_\_\_\_ all over the \_\_\_\_\_ and we had to kick  
(ejection of bodily fluid) (collection of something stupid)

\_\_\_\_\_ out after that, pretty much."  
(him / her)

"OH MY GOD!! That is sooo fucked! I'm totally writing a column about that in the next  
issue of \_\_\_\_\_. I never really liked \_\_\_\_\_ anyway. \_\_\_\_\_ always did  
(lame zine) (him/her) (He/She)

this thing with \_\_\_\_\_ and it was like, so gross."  
(his / her) (body part)

"So, what are you gonna be doing for \_\_\_\_\_? I was thinking about going to a  
(holiday)

party at \_\_\_\_\_'s house. I guess there's going to be kegs and \_\_\_\_\_ is playing."  
(lame streetpunk nickname) (local band everyone hates that plays too much)

"I would go, but I'm actually *protesting* that show with all of the people in \_\_\_\_\_  
(noun-something totally rad)

not \_\_\_\_\_. It's because the guy who lives there totally wore this fucked up shirt  
(noun-something totally fucked)

that said \_\_\_\_\_ at a \_\_\_\_\_ show and I don't think that this  
(patriotic slogan) (ultra P.C. local band)

kind of thing should be tolerated in *our* scene. So I'm dressing up like a \_\_\_\_\_  
(circus performer)

and am passing out \_\_\_\_\_ in protest."  
(an undeniable symbol of anti-patriotism)

"Oh, that's cool. Well, maybe I'll see you at the next Tomato Liberation Front meeting."

"Yeah, it was totally awesome running into you! You should come over for the next vegan banquet!"

(under breath) "Yeah, too bad you're totally not vegan..."

(under breath) "Have fun at the show, Hitler..."

**ABSOC. It's because God hates you.**





# Life in the House of Lust

By Jett Girl

For the work issue of Aborted Society I thought I'd tell some stories about life as a peep show dancer. Working at a normal strip club

is interesting, but working at a peep show can be downright bizarre. We tend to get the freaks and the porn addicts rather than the guys who are

just out for a good time with their friends. At first it doesn't seem to be a very inviting place... When you walk in it's dark and smells kind of funny; and you constantly have to dodge weird guys lurking in the hallway. Once you make it past that you're all good though.



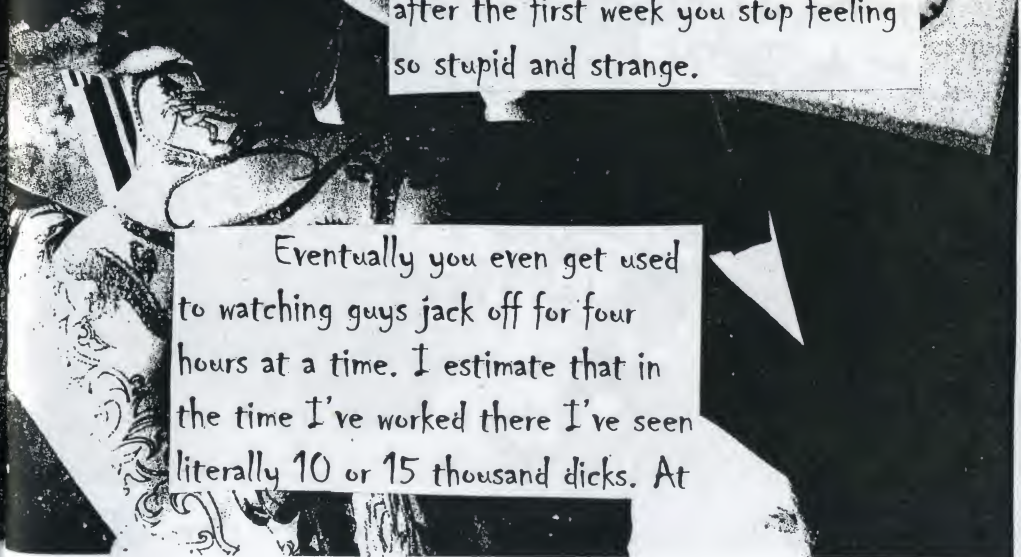
The room we dance in is pretty damn cool, but a little unnerving, with it's bright red carpet on the floor and mirrors lining the walls and ceiling. I always feel like I'm in a jewelry box... Or a fish tank... But the down side is

# BIZARR



that every way you look there's a reflection of yourself and there's always someone watching you... It makes you really self-conscious at first, but you get used to it... and after the first week you stop feeling so stupid and strange.

Eventually you even get used to watching guys jack off for four hours at a time. I estimate that in the time I've worked there I've seen literally 10 or 15 thousand dicks. At





that point you only notice the smallest (pinky sized) and the very, very largest (a foot long and as big around as a pop can! scary!)

A lot of the men are boring, but there are also a lot of guys with some seriously strange kinks. At night we get the more eccentric customers, The late night guys are almost always happier and way more fun than the day crowd, who are mostly business

men. Business men totally suck!!! As if we didn't all know that already. They are fucking rude, they never smile, and they are unbelievably fucking serious about whacking off! I never get that.

The night guys seem to be less ashamed of themselves and they're usually there to have a good time. They're freaks and they know it, but it doesn't bother them.

Since everyone always wants to hear weird stories, I'll give you an idea of what we see, There are a lot

of run of the mill kinks, like tons of guys with foot fetishes and the guys who like wearing women's underwear. My favorite weird customer is this guy who always brings in a big black dildo to suck on and he shows us pictures of

him sucking other guy's dicks. He's pretty damn funny. Once some guy climbed upside down in one of the booths and jerked off like that. Shit like that is fun and entertaining. With other things it depends on my mood whether I find them funny or

annoying. There are a few guys who dress up like babies and there's one old, ugly guy who sticks a banana up his ass. The latter usually annoys me. I shouldn't have to watch that for a quarter, you damn well better go to the private booth and tip me an ass load of cash for that. Some of the stuff I see ALWAYS disgusts me.

Like the fucking astounding number of incest men... So many guys want to sleep with their moms, sisters, or daughters its completely disturbing.

These guys don't ever get shows from me, no amount of money is worth playing into those games. This one guy has so many ball bearings implanted in his dick that it's the size



of a grapefruit and it's tattooed to look all diseased. While I normally appreciate tattoos, implants, and

whatnot, this guy's just got too many issues behind it for me to be okay with it. There are other really fucking weird people, but I'll spare you those grim details... I try to forget them myself.

Sometimes the job, the club, and life in general seem completely absurd and very surreal. I've done many shifts where I felt like I was on some crazy fucking drugs, despite being dead sober. In general I love it

though. You definitely have bad days and good days, but who doesn't? I can't think of any other job I'd rather be doing right now, and it's

easily the best job I've ever had. The girls are fun, smart, and beautiful; I've never made so many great friends at a job. It can leave you feeling jaded and bitter at times, but for the

most part it's a good time, and if nothing else, every shift leaves me with a story to tell.

Well, that's about all the time I got to write... Gotta go

**Wants to push inhumane "Club a Baby Seal Day" as new national holiday to unite Americans**  
**Will create tax incentives for sweatshop owners**  
**Has no idea where the state of Pennsylvania is**  
**Voted to create island prison camps for the ugly people for fun**

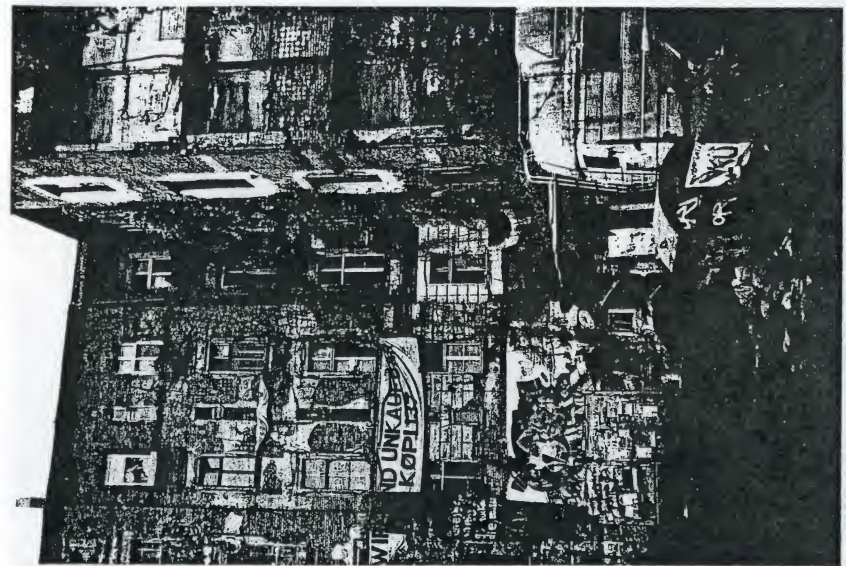
**Wants to kill elderly**  
**Listens to Richard Marx all day**  
**Tried to legalize child labor**  
**Absolutely hates Antischism**  
**Eats Spotted Owl for every meal**  
**Hunts deer and elk with Ted Nugent**  
**Is responsible for World Wars I & II**  
**Beastiality**  
**Extortion**  
**Hatred**  
**Evil**  
**LIES**  
**LIES**  
**LIES**

**Corruption**  
**Menudo**  
**Thievery**  
**Murder**  
**LIES**  
**LIES**  
**LIES**

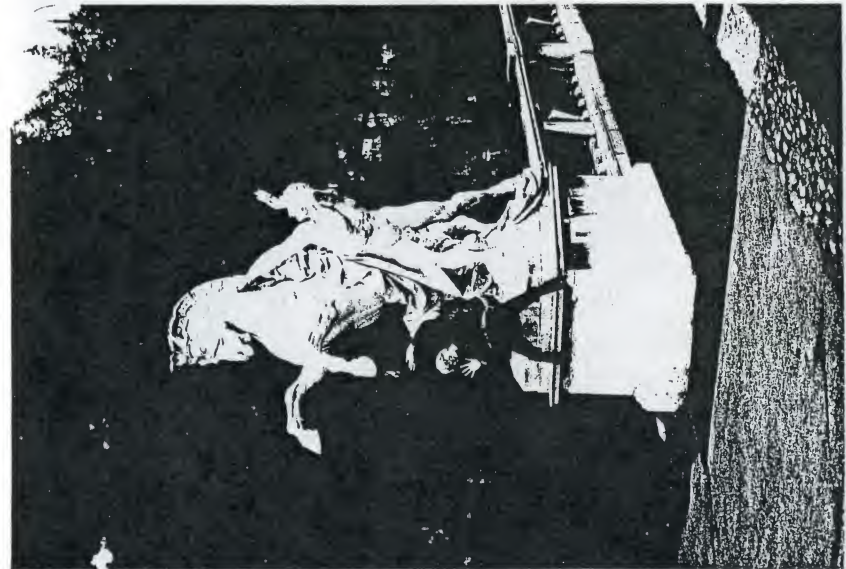
**IF ANY OF THE ABOVE IS A SURPRISE TO YOU, THEN YOU**

**DON'T KNOW JACK**





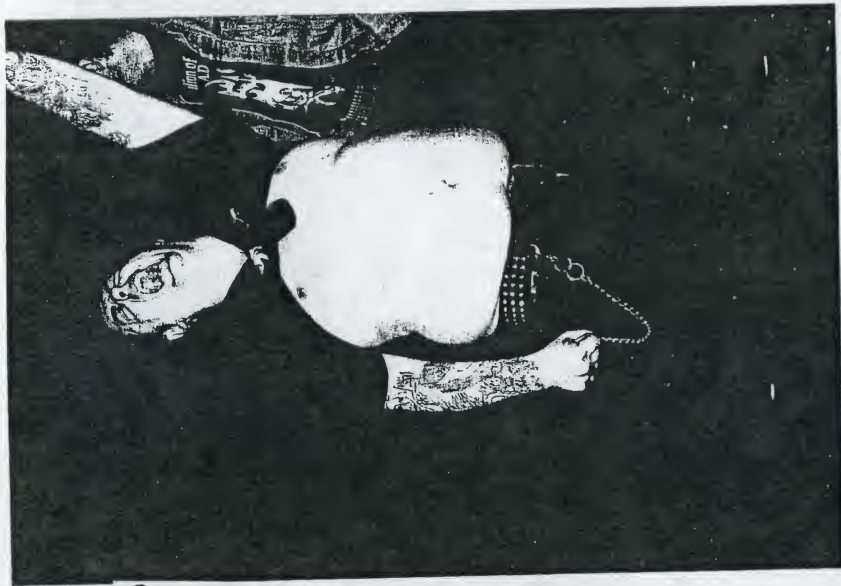
Kopi squat in Berlin



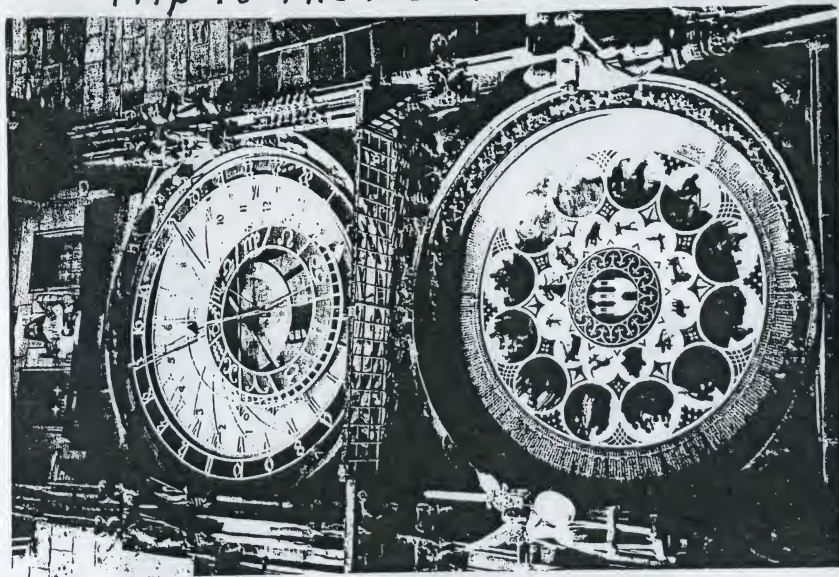
Jett Girl in danger of being  
trampled by... a statue!!!

~~ABORTED~~ ~~SOCIETY~~ <sup>x</sup>INVADES  
EUROPE! <sup>x</sup>...In Pictures & Memories...





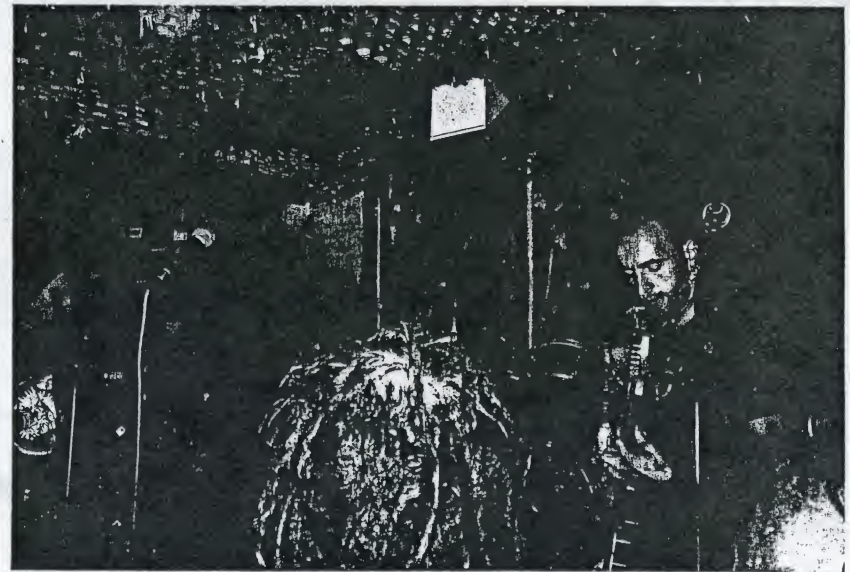
Pug from the Bomb Blast Men  
enjoys his first... and last...  
trip to the Zoro festival



Ohhh... you said you wanted  
to show me your huge clock!



So Dr. Jones... I see the poison has  
begun to take effect... heh heh heh



Hellboozers in Leipzig



Okay, in issue #3 We published a traveling scene leech coloring contest. We had one submission who I guess was the winner by default. So based on the popularity of that contest, we knew we had to do another, and so Aborted Society proudly presents...



# FUN! FASHION PUNK COLORING CONTEST

You know 'em,  
you love 'em,  
cops can't miss 'em!

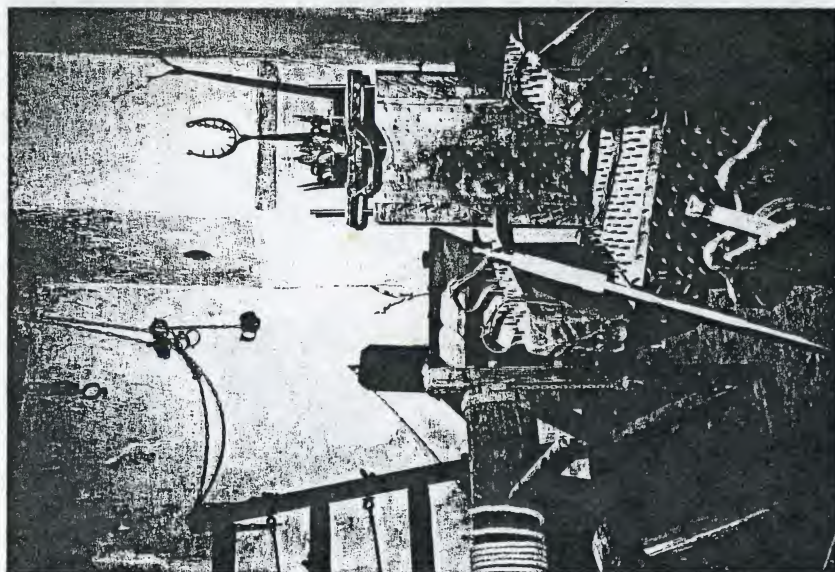
This isn't directed towards all our cuddly fashionable brothers and sisters, just the ones who forget that, punk is more about what's in your head than how much money and time you spend on looking the part! Oh, and if this offends you, don't worry, we'll offend everyone soon enough!!!

-J@ck





Extras from 21 Jump Street  
drink Absinthe in Prague



This squat we stayed in hadn't  
been remodeled in quite some time



Citizen Fish in Berlin



Now we dance like Germans!

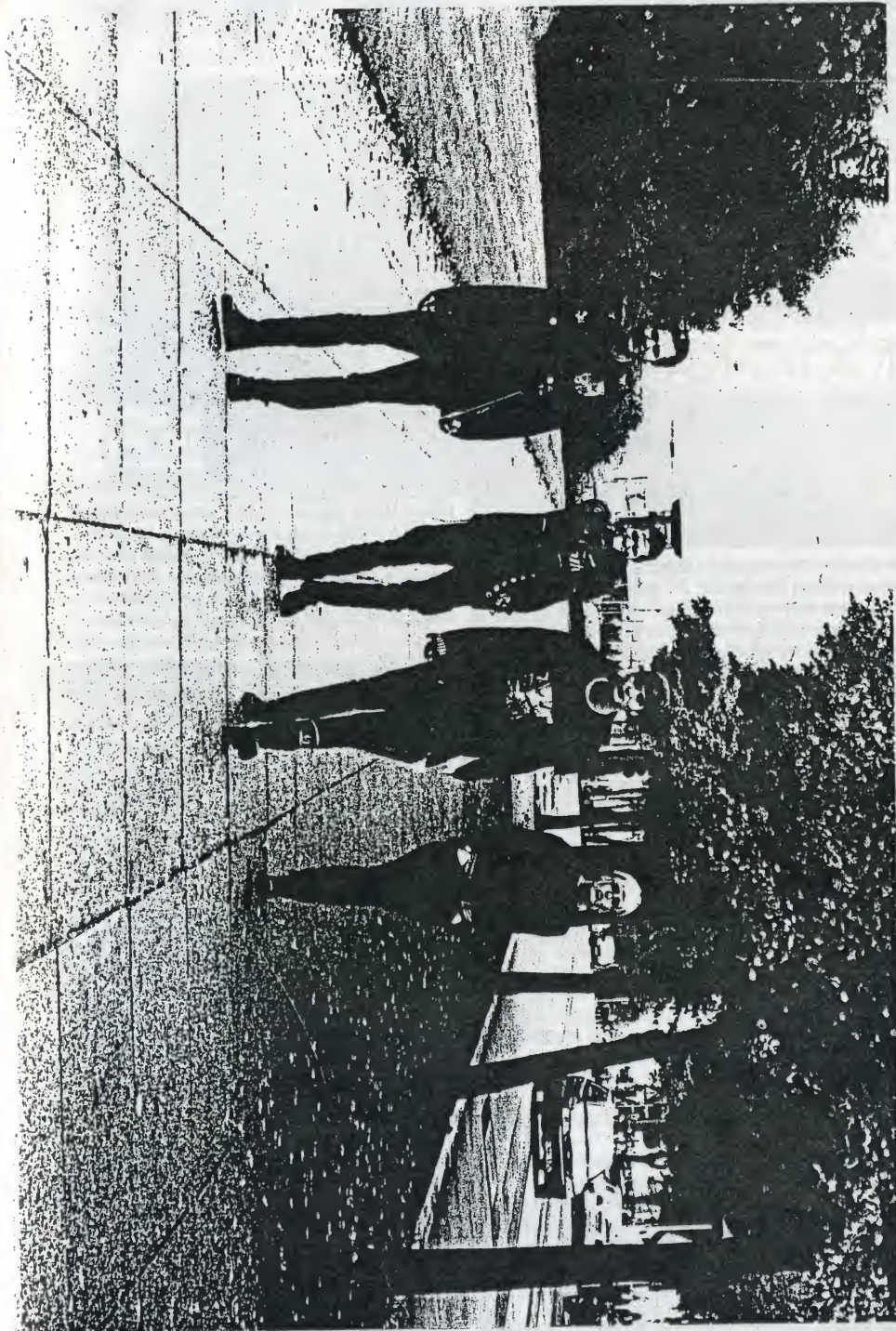




*Is a caption really necessary for this one???*



*Kyle's attempt at blending in with the locals!!!*





# JACK'S IMMORTAL

## DRAMA OF A

## JOURNEY THROUGH

## HELL

So what's interesting in Seattle these days. It doesn't seem like much. I know, I know, it's because I don't get out much. But, nobody has been a real buddy and helped me out with this silly column by sending anything to my email address. All I've gotten is ways to win a lifetime supply of honey hams or some crap like that. I guess techies call that spam? Anyway, here's what I do know about...First, and of course most important, Seattle's very own and lovable Rick has released the PHALANX/DECREPIT split seven inch on the Un-Yellman Records. This record is a point blank halitosis attack by the Seattle singers with the craziest voices. NOT your average cup of boiling hot battery acid. Unreleased tracks by DECREPIT and finally some vinyl tracks from one of Seattle's premier Dooga bands PHALANX. Great packaging, great music, great people, why say more? Well, 'cause if you don't get it the cyclone will rip your house out of the ground and stick it on some lonely mountain top where the crushing winds will lash the meat from your bones. A lot of fun too! Order from us at Aborted Society or Un-Yellman Records at P.O. Box 80131, Seattle, WA 98108 or if you've "got the web" Spiderfucker-  
[www.worldsofreesources.com/unyellman](http://www.worldsofreesources.com/unyellman). Apparently we here at Aborted Society (but not actually me) are in the works of releasing another split seven inch, this time featuring SKARP and HUMAN ERROR (R.I.P.). I've seen the covers, so I know it's almost done although I haven't heard the vinyl yet. But, I'm sure most in Seattle reading this have

heard these bands. SKARP are excellent post David Koresh Choir ska-crust in a kind of Nausea and Choking Victim playing russian roulette with Christopher Walkin sort of way. HUMAN ERROR, well, I only saw them once, and I was loaded of course, but I remember blinding speed with harsh ogre vocals. Right?

Elsewhere on the A.S. plate (boy Rob's been a busy little bastard, and I ain't done shlt!) is the CONTAMINATED "Immunity?" seven inch co-released with Spent Round Records. If you missed CONTAMINATED live, you gotta get this! The closest think Seattle had to Rudimentary Peni with some Legion Of Parasites and Conflict thrown in to spice up the mutant casserole as well. I think only like three hundred were pressed, so order them

from us, I mean Rob, quick! You can order the other above seven inch from us, I mean Rob, too! In non Aborted Society records news, WORMWOOD have finally realeased their full length CD "requiescat" and it simply rules my farm of woe begotten miscreants. WORMWOOD play in the vein of early Neurosis without being a Neurosis cliché. They definitely have their own thing going with

subtle keyboard lulling you into a false sense of security and then monstrous breakout all or nothin barrages of ferocity. It's the kind of music to play when you're bored of the same old same old generic AntiClimex thrash your ebay addict friends are listening to. Their selling the CDs at Singles, but they're going

fast! Also, NOT IN THE FACE are rumored to be recording for some vinyl releases soon. NOT soon enough! I just heard that NOT IN THE FACE will also be releasing a split twelve inch with Seattle's kings of keyboard fueled mathgrind TION. Should be a must have. Haven't heard much else in the way of new releases from Seattle, so we'll move on to other things that I can shake out of my sticky dried up roach motel of a brain. Bands to check out- RABID DOGS played a cookin set the other night at Second Avenue Pizza (located on 2nd Ave, and a really good place to see and throw shows these days). RABID DOGS are a fairly new band in the vein of old

pre-Pistols street rock punk. The crowd went pretty manic when RD played and it was heartening to see people actually having some sweat soaked fun at a show for once instead of standing around bored nodding their heads (as I am prone to do). Check these guys out if you aren't afraid to have a good time. Also, there's this new band with a bunch of Seattle crust veterans in it called CONSUME. Apparently they fucking rule and Nick ex-PHALANX tells me they ripped his face off at Darrah's party the other weekend. They'll be playing a lot of shows soon so you (and

myself) would be fools not to check them out! I guess I really haven't seen much in the way of new bands lately 'cause I kinda suck. BUT, there are plenty of shows going on. And this is a perfect opportunity to segue into one of the most important projects going right now. SEATTLE SCENE POLICE is a new "zine" being put out which calendars upcoming shows. About fucking time someone did this. Now you don't have to miss a single D-beat. But they can only do it with your help, so contact Zanne and Sheree at [garbage@junkmail.com](mailto:garbage@junkmail.com) or call (206) 524-6624. If you don't, you only have yourself to blame for your lame shows filled

This just in. We had a meeting last night to plan out this years baseball season. I guess we're gonna start playing on April 9th, Tuesday, at about seven o'clock. The field we play on is located at 10th & Pine, (Reservoir Park for you mustard eating club foot itchy butt types). It's a lot of fun and we DON'T play by the rules, so even people who suck can have a good time (which isn't me of course, my nickname on the field is El Sucko, that means I'm the best!). Be there or you can just play with your balls at home by yourself!

AND YOU MAY ASK  
YOURSELF WHY  
SO MANY COATS?

with squeegles and onion maps. Other stuff they had a teach in on how to make your own tofu and soy based products at the Spokanearchy house this weekend, but yet again, since I'm as lame as a comb-over on a car salesman, I missed it. Seems like that house is doing a bunch of cool things like this, so get to know these people if ya know what DIY stands for! Also, there was a potluck and clothesluck at Darrah's place this weekend. I got a cool bathrobe and a huge sweater (though I didn't actually contribute any clothes. Hey, they were what was left behind after everybody else went through the pile!). Darrah says she might do a bookluck soon too, so stay tuned for that! Also, I did try and pull off a snow fun in the mountains this year, but it was blizzarding and the sleds didn't go down the snow very well, so it seems that will be the only attempt this year. Sorry. If anyone still wants to go, lemme know, maybe the weather is a little more reasonable now and we could organize something. Well, as I've said countless times before, I don't get out much, so if you're reading this and wondering why you wasted your time, email me ([jackbloodclot@hotmail.com](mailto:jackbloodclot@hotmail.com)) and tell me what YOU are doing, and maybe the next installment might not be so boring you'd rather be playing tug of war with your Stretch Armstrong Doll! See ya suckers  
J@CK '02



# LAURA BUSH, VIAGRA TO TEAM UP IN OPERATION ENDURING ERECTION



The heat from jilted allies, the worst economic decline since his father's 4-year term, and the seemingly never-ending hunt for Osama "completely fictional media scapegoat" bin Laden has taken a toll on President Bush. And his libido.

The presidency is a taxing occupation for Bush; from sneaking incentives to ENRON in his energy proposals to blowing the asses off of innocent civilians in Tora Bora, the constant pressure of public life never seems to end. Sources in the White House report that Bush spends most of his days in a bathrobe and slippers, sitting on a couch in front of the television covered in blankets... sobbing uncontrollably. Apparently, the President seems to have developed a sleeping disorder and stays up late at night, counting stacks of hundred dollar bills, staring wistfully out of the window. Needless to say, this shift in behavior has developed genital border tensions with the First Lady.



"This will be a new kind of campaign," quoted Laura Bush at a private press conference last Thursday, "the course of this conflict is not known, yet its outcome is certain. Whether we give the President an erection, or give the erection a president, a presidential erection will be accomplished. Make no mistake."

In a controversial team-up with the makers of Viagra, the First Lady unveiled the plans for Operation Enduring Erection, which involves a three-pronged assault on her husband's impotency. "The first phase of the attack will be slipping George a few tablets of Viagra mixed into his evening cup of coffee. Second, I will dim the lights in the bedroom and play that Conway Twitty CD he loves so much, as well as covering the bed with laundered hundred dollar bills. Ideally, by this time the Fisting Goat may be brought in only as a last result. Make no mistake. Terror will not be allowed in this First Lady's sex life."



When asked about his domestic troubles, Bush was quoted as saying, "I am honored and humbled at the honorableness of the humbleness of the humbling powers of honorability, and humbleability as well. Make no mistake, humbleness and terrorism don't mix. This is terrorizingly terrorizable. And yet it remains to be honorable for America."





Welcome, kiddies to yet another installment of my incoherent babbling and nonsensical jabbering about the kind of stuff I like to listen to sometimes. I've had to vamp and revamp this column about a million times because there are so many awesome records out there and not enough zine space to record their awesomeness with, but here's a go at it anyhow.



I acquired so much awesome new music from our vicious exploits across Western Europe last fall that it's hard to pick a place to start. Out of Hämeenlinna, Finland comes Sharpeville, my new favorite out of the European crust movement. Their LP out on Germany's Maximum Voice Records, "At the Late Hours Before the Dawning of our Abundance" is as intricate and epic as the title itself. Dark, brooding, machine-like hardcore with a very heavy Amebix influence. They have these really cool melodic breakdowns in between fast outbursts of Scandi-thrash and almost quasi-industrial grooves. Excellent lyrical content as well, even with a little broken English thrown in. Most people just blindly accept the plethora of awful lyrics from Finnish and Swedish bands, but I'm a lyric whore and am turned off when a band's music kicks ass but their lyrics look like a dyslexic four year old wrote them. Sharpeville's lyrics are post-apocalyptic as they are poetic, with lines like, "Hedonistic desire / to dance on bridges of fire." I played this over and over when I first got back to the States, and it really hasn't left my turntable since. It even features artwork from Mid Bonehive of Deviated Instinct fame, and for those of you who have never heard Deviated Instinct, you should definitely check 'em out- they are pioneers of the crust movement. File this one in your Counterblast section, definitely. You can acquire this gem by writing:

MAXIMUM VOICE  
Postfach 26  
04251 Leipzig  
GERMANY

pr  
L h

Speaking of quasi-industrial grooves, Savannah, GA's INSTITUTE has ripped a new asshole in the face of punk rock. Featuring some of the folks from DAMAD, both sides of this LP are songs melded together with ethereal noise and media samples. Each side just becomes one huge, epic masterpiece that definitely does not leave the listener bored at any given point. Not a very easy thing to accomplish, indeed. Institute's lyrics swirl in and out of your ears like their music, a truly epic release from Berlin's Yellow Dog Records. If you're not familiar, Yellow Dog puts out by far some of the best records by bands from all over the Western world. Write Sven at:

YELLOW DOG RECORDS  
P.O. BOX 550208  
10372 Berlin  
GERMANY

## institute SMOPEYS OM

Next up on the pile is a re-release of the first LP from Warsaw, Poland's crust magnates Post Regiment. Most of you will be familiar with their Skuld release, "WG Tragedia" which is way more in the Scandi-hardcore tradition. This LP is far more melodic and straightforward in its peace-punkiness, and I think out of the 3 LP's of theirs that I own, this one definitely takes the cake. Nika's vocals are powerful, catchy, sing-songy (although in Polish) on this release, where her later work is much more screamy. This was originally released in 1993 or so, and has long since been out of print until as of the last couple years. Lyrics are printed in English and Polish, and are just as thought provoking and poetic as their later material. A definite MUST-HAVE for any fan of European hardcore punk. It's released on Nikt Nic Nie Wie, who released some Oi Polloi stuff and other great Polish bands. They have an excellent tape distro as well. You can acquire this baby and other great releases through:

NIKT NIC NIE WIE  
PO Box 53  
34-400 Nowy Targ  
POLAND

VINYL

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Further on down the line we come across two amazingly awesome releases from Belgium's short-lived, relatively unknown peace-punk gods, Counter-Attack. Very much in the Mortarhate Records / Conflict vein, Counter-Attack does justice in resurrecting a style of punk that just isn't played anymore. Melodic and energetic riffs and well-thought lyrics that makes you want to pogo as much as throwing bricks through Starbucks' windows. At times it feels like you're listening to a more sensitive version of Conflict, because the vocal styles are so similar. If it wasn't printed otherwise on the sleeves, I would swear that these LP's came out of the early 80's anarcho-punk scene.



WHEN THE BUILDING SAGS, EVERYTHING SAGS

## COUNTER-ATTACK

The first release, "Elements and Skulls," has a rather primitive recording, but the quality of the songwriting makes up for any shortcomings. It's so punk that it comes in a silk-screened Cross-style poster sleeve, purple marbled vinyl to boot. The follow-up LP and final release, "Master and Jester," is by and large a flawless masterpiece in the spectrum of hardcore punk. Awesome artwork, the music is more intense and intricate than the first and it is all topped off with Grade Circle A production and terrific packaging. They even branched off with this release to include a bit of acoustic folk to soothe the hardened anarcho-ear. The first LP is probably out of print and impossible to find.

The Master and Jester LP is still available from Nabate, Belgium's premier punk label. Write them for a catalog:

NABATE  
BP 92  
4000 Liege 1  
BELGIUM

Now, there are times when we all secretly like to play something other than punk (god forbid) in times of self-reflection and depression, so I'm gonna make a suggestion for the few brave souls out there who don't necessarily want to limit their record collections to the same old same old.

the black heart  
procession



The Black Heart Procession comes out of San Diego, CA and is very much in the ballad-laden gothy Leonard Cohen worship area. The instruments stripped down to a musical saw, piano, organ, moog, guitar, trumpet and minimal usage of a drum machine. Very dark, atmospheric tracks of woe and despair, the vocals very reminiscent of Leonard Cohen (the ur-gothic depressing songwriting pioneer of the beat generation). Then they have these little swiny breakdowns that almost make you smile in the midst of your weeping. This is the record that you listen to while you're roommate's at work and you're at home wearing your fuzzy bunny slippers sipping on Chamomile Tea thumbing through old letters from the girl that ripped your heart out of your chest and did the Flamenco on it. Good lyrics, poetic, makes you want to slit your wrists. They have a few LP's out, the one I like the most is "2" which, believe it or not, is their 2nd release. You can get one from any given indie record store, or try ordering one from:

Touch and Go  
PO Box 25520  
Chicago, IL 60625

POS# REGIMEN#



POS# REGIMEN#

NOT

VINYL

PANTS

pm: A sea of flag... wave of p...  
al singing of 'The Battl... dums of the





Whoa, this just in via snail mail, the two CD flat pack releases from Oakland, CA's Lesser of Two. I played a show with these cats in Tijuana last year on Human Error?! / Skarp tour, and they blew me away with their live performance. They're a three piece, with dual male/female vocals and a really heavy and intricate sound. Maybe think of Initial State with a jazz drummer and a whole lot more metal. The "Transmutation" CD is a compilation of their seven inches and live recordings, and is quite an excellent little package. The s/t CD shares quite a few of the same songs as the "Transmutation" disc, but with a different recording. I'm a little more prone to the s/t CD; it's a bit more upbeat and faster. Great artwork, great message, great music. Definitely one of the better projects coming out of the West Coast right now. You can acquire both discs which were self-released by writing:

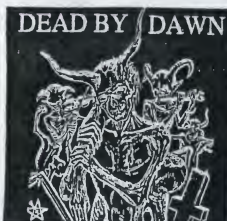
LESSER OF TWO  
PO Box 3603  
Oakland, CA 94609

Up and coming out of Portland (and thankfully so) is the very unexpected musical stylings of Dead by Dawn. Yes,

Eddie and the boys have outdone themselves on the two demo CD's I've gotten, the latest one being completely over the top. It's like Black Sabbath giving Discharge a piggyback ride while chasing Septic Death down the sidewalk with a spear. This is a band that came out of the ashes of anarcho-punks Treason, but with much more involved music and a heavy dosage of stonerism. This band definitely does not sound like they come out of Portland, and for that we here at Aborted Society thank them wholeheartedly. Because we all know that Portland has a knack for generating the same band over and over (I know I'm gonna get crucified for writing this but I also don't give a flying fuck), and it's quite refreshing to see an original project debut from the land of one-way streets and no sales tax. Keep your eyes peeled for Dead by Dawn, cause they're gonna rip the punk community a new asshole in the days to come. Send Eddie nude pictures of his mother, or just ask for a demo by writing him at:

DEAD BY DAWN  
4914 NE 17th Ave  
Portland, OR 97211  
E-mail: deadbydawn13@yahoo.com

Continuing with the demo onslaught we have Dead Fall from Oakland, CA. Some of you may be familiar with their drummer, Scotty Karate, from his absolutely kick-ass button distro, Pins for the People. On this disc, Dead Fall rip through seven tracks of lightning quick skate thrash in the tradition of JFA, Sick Pleasure, and Neon Christ. I really wish they had included some lyrics with the demo CD, because with song titles like "Skinhead Starter Kit," and "Beer not Church," I'm sure these kids are as funny as they are rockin'. If you are looking for awesome buttons or want to press some for your shitty band, you should really visit his website, [www.pinsforthepeople.59megs.com](http://www.pinsforthepeople.59megs.com). Contact Scotty via e-mail for a Dead Fall demo, something any die hard skate thrash kid should not be rolling around without: [scottyskarate@hotmail.com](mailto:scottyskarate@hotmail.com).



## VINYL RANTS NOT VINYL PANTS

ABSOC. Because Crass just isn't sexy enough for us.

# Child genius builds robot — to be his brother!

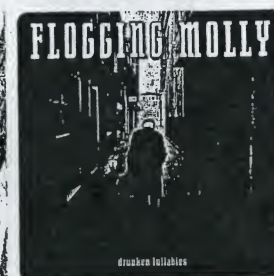
Ok, my new latest obsession is the relatively obscure, but not so obscure 80's major label band NEW MODEL ARMY. Sepultura brutalized one of their hit songs, "The Hunt" on the Chaos A.D. record, but don't let that fool you.



Fueling my drunkenness for the past couple months has been Santa Monica, CA's FLOGGING MOLLY. If you've got a knack for the Pogues and other such Irish style drinking escapades, then Flogging Molly is right up yer alley.

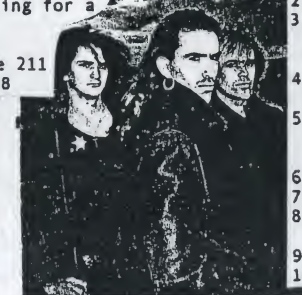
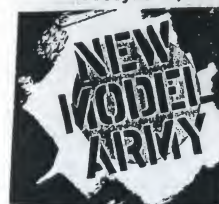


MICHAEL WILLIAMS  
and his  
robot  
brother.



Furious drumming, distorted guitars, fiddlin', banjo, accordion-blastin' and tin-whistlin' that helps keep your ankles in the air and the Jameson in your belly. They have a CD entitled, "Swagger," and a newly released LP, "Drunken Lullabies" both released on Side One Dummy records. Both are equally as excellent and will keep you dancin' from start to finish. With songs like "The Worst Day Since Yesterday," "Devil's Dance Floor," and "If I Ever Leave this World Alive," you know you're gonna wake up with a hangover after spinning their wax. Anyway, Flogging Molly is the by far the punkest band of this particular genre since the Pogues, in my opinion, and are well worth a listen if your ear has a tinge of green to it. You can locate their material by writing for a catalog:

SIDE ONE DUMMY  
6201 Sunset Blvd, Suite 211  
Hollywood, CA 90028



NEW MODEL ARMY: LOOKIN' GOOD, FEELIN' GREAT!

### TOP TEN FOR THIS ISSUE:

1. Jéniger- s/t LP
2. Tom Waits- "Rain Dogs" CD
3. New Model Army- "The Ghost of Cain" and "No Rest for The Wicked" LPs
4. Counter-Attack- "Master And Jester" LP
5. Sharpeville- "At the Late Hours Before the Dawning of our Abundance" LP
6. Post Regiment- s/t LP
7. Leatherface- "Mush" CD
8. The Gits- "Frenching the Bully" LP
9. Black Heart Procession- "2" LP
10. Sole- "Bottle of Humans" LP



# VINYL JUNKIE SCORES!

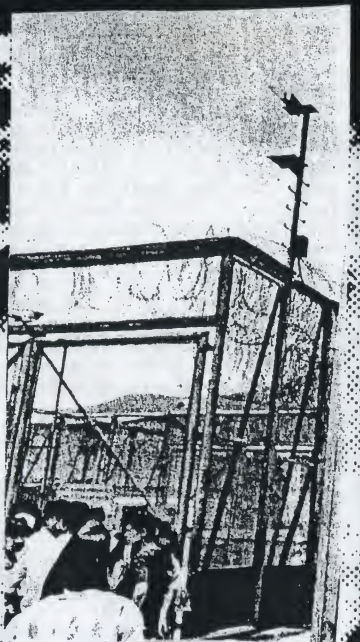
by J@CK

So what's old J@CKO got on the record plate this issue? Well if you're hungry dear reader, then pull up a chair to the banquet of sounds I'll now be majestically serving. Wow that was ultra cheesy. I'm gonna use it! I think I'm in a writing rut this issue and am pretty much just belching up for you whatever cockamaimle crap comes into my head. Well, who cares anyway 'cause it ain't like anyone reads this garbage anyway. Well, people read Rob's articles 'cause he's so handsome and everyone thinks he walks on water. Well, I got news for you readers, Rob does NOT WALK ON WATER! Rob is NOT THE NEXT MESSIAH! Rob does NOT CURE BIRTH DEFECTS! Rob does

NOT HELP OLD LADIES ACROSS THE ROAD! He doesn't even own any STAR WARS VIDEOS! And the Battlestar Galactica soundtrack does NOT COUNT! Basically, all I'm saying is you should try reading my columns for a change. Because, Rob doesn't even like you! As a matter of fact, Rob wishes you were dead! He told me so over a dinner of steamed beets and cheerios. Yes dear reader, it is even true that ROB DOES NOT OWN THIS RECORD!!! ABUSO SONORO "Herencia". An amazing twelve inch released by Six Weeks records, and it is the epitome of what I love about Brazil! Well, besides the burning rain forests. Anyway, ABUSO SONORO fucking chew up your head like a non-stick cheese grater! Very reminiscent of ANTISCHISM in the ferocity of attack, yet with a COLERAish sort of Brazilian slant on it. It must be the pretzles. The perfect record if you wanna experience the best of current Brazilian thrashpunk! Order from Six Weeks Records, 225 Lincoln, Cotati CA 94931, USA.



Abuso Sonoro Herencia



Next up on the Brazilian chopping block is the newish record from Brazil's standard bearers of hardcore RATOS DE PARAO, "Carniceria Tropical". To me, RATOS DE PARAO are like sniffing glue made from the hooves of the four horsemen of the apocalypse's horses! Musically, this record is crushing with early east coast hardcore influences and barrel chested grunts of fury! Like early RATOS, but turned up a notch on the brutality measuring thingee. Good to see RATOS still making interesting music after all these years. However, Rob doesn't like this record because it makes him dance like a hardcore "bro". But understand this folks, Rob is NOT THE HUMAN EMBODIMENT OF VIAGRA! Anyway, this record was released by Alternative Tentacles, which shouldn't keep you from getting it, and I really don't find much point in listing Alternative Tentacle's address. But, do not be afraid of the new stuff RATOS DE PARAO is putting out by any means!



Next, let's take a trip to the land of tulips,



wooden shoes and CRAZY FUCKING HARDCORE PUNK ASS CRUST AND ROLL with Groeningen's FLEAS AND LICE and their new twelve inch "Recipes For Catastrophes". Excellent record. Probably the best new thing out this year (and when I say this year, I usually mean a time period starting a year prior to the date from which I'm writing). Well, this new record by the Dutch (and probably world) champions of drug and alcohol fueled chaos completely buries the last twelve inch. It's almost like FLEAS AND LICE other material to the tenth power. If you can imagine ANITSECT, the ACCUSED, and the original POISON IDEA lineup being put in Jeff Goldblum's transport device from The Fly, and out comes this freak thing that scares the shit cakes out of Geena Davis. Top notch songs about the frustration of living in such a fucked up and futile world, so let's smash our fucking way out! Anyway, must be heard and lived to be understood. Order this record or they'll come over to your house and smear puked up dog food all over your ugly naked body. Or they might just make you wear a bikini (?). Skuld Releases, Malmshiemer Str. 14, 71272, Renningen, Germany. As always, Skuld never fails to rock my android life of a world!



# I can't remember where I live.

way rather than cheesy in an OI! way. So there you have it, UNCURBED greenhorns order this from Sound Pollution P.O. Box 17742, Covington KY, 41017, USA. As with Skuld, pretty much anything on Sound Pollution will NOT fail to please.

How about next let's look at the new twelve Inch split featuring TOTALITAR and DISCLOSE. Now, TOTALITAR have been one of my favorite bands for a while, and "Ni Maste Bort" Is definitely one of those perfectly made records. Right along side with "Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing" and "So The Youth". So, I'm always down to hear new TOTALITAR stuff, and their side of this split is awesome as always. Vocals that sound like their shouted through a burning throat thick with bile and music that's tough in an in-your-face-anarko-punk way. These cats keep churning out the hits! I feel like banging my tin cup on the bars of my cage and shouting "TOTALITAR TOTALITAR!" until they throw me in the chair and flip the switch. On the flip side is DISCLOSE who are Japan's answer to DISCHARGE, although I didn't know there was a question? Take DISCHARGE, make 'em fight to the death in a pit with BATTLE OF DISARM, and the roaring of the crowd in a blood frenzy will probably sound a lot like DISCLOSE. A bit too close to DISCHARGE for me to really take too seriously, but excellent when flipped on to after the TOTALITAR side of the record. This record is ultra music to play for an amphetamine charge of high grade D-beat! Put out by Y.O.J. Records, Marmov. 14B, 752 44 Uppsala, Sweden. Get this before it gets you!

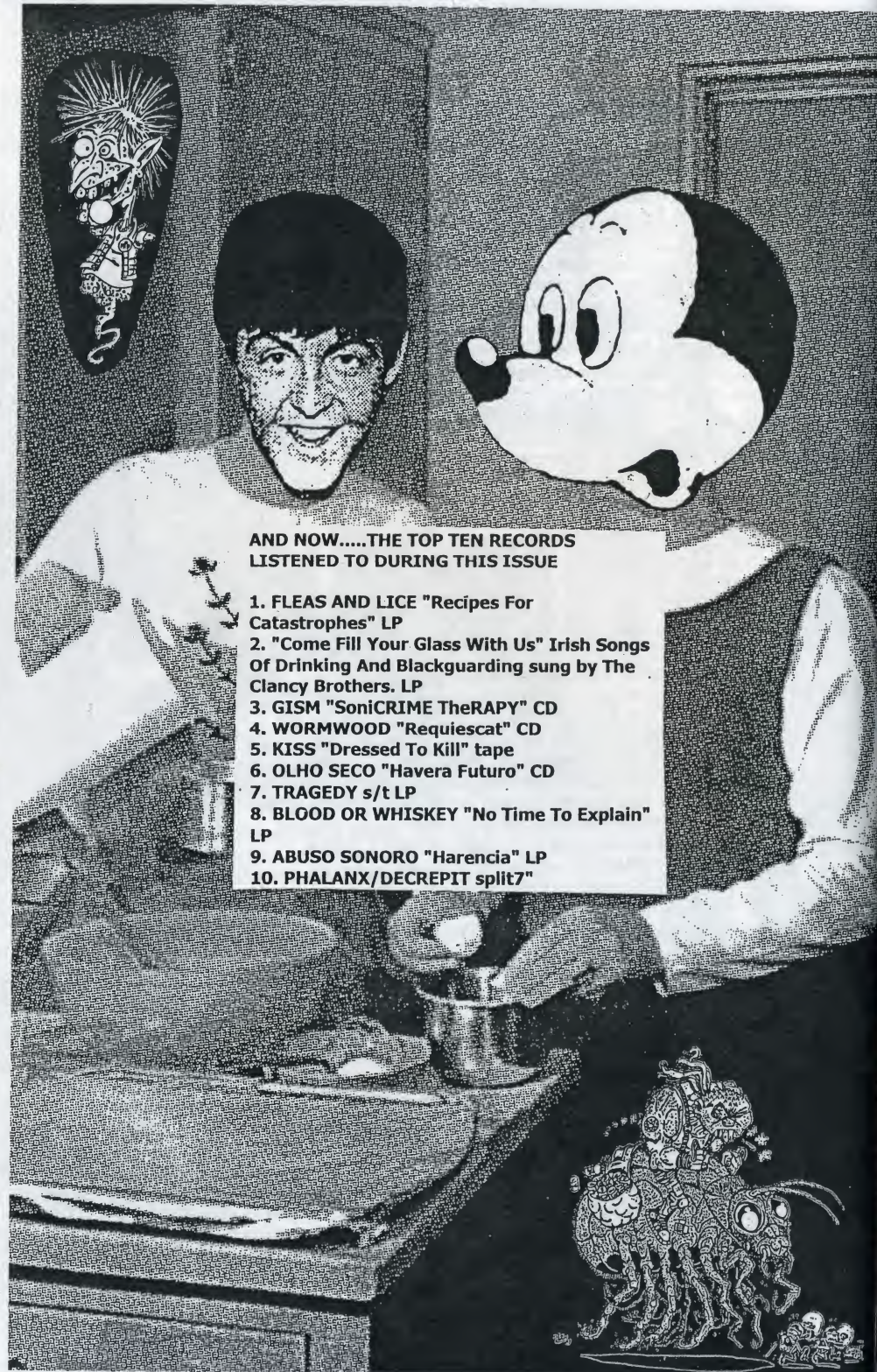


Well, with that review, I'm practically spent and messy all over myself. But I gotta finish these fucking reviews by the end of the night. So next we have the brand new LP from Finnish spastics UNCURBED, and it's called "Punks On Parole". Talk about energy, these fuckers kick out the BTUs harder than Rob's curling iron! And UNCURBED do keep getting better and better with every release, there's no doubt about that. But I don't think they've gotten so much better that this album really stands apart from "Paece Love Punk Life" or "Keeps The Banner High". But, it's still really good, basically 'cause I really like the previous LP's as well, and you can never have too much of a good thing. So, for someone who has "Peace..." or "Keeps...", this isn't essential material. But, if you have never yet to experience UNCURBED, than this is the record to do it with. Take EXTREME NOISE TERROR, play that RAW NOISE record they did for 'em, and then show 'em some movies about early eighties California punk. There, you've got UNCURBED. Yeah, they're lyrics might be a bit cheesy, but I find 'em cheesy in an endearing

On the advance front, GISM has just released recordings from '95-'96. I got a CD burned off of Yushi's copy which his brother in Japan bought for him. I'm pretty positive it's not available in the states yet, but when it does become available this release will completely change the face of hardcorepunk. It is fucking amazing in a way only GISM can achieve. Know this; after Yushi heard this CD he seriously considered giving up playing music altogether. Yes, it is THAT good. If you wanna hear this recording, come on over to my place and we'll listen to it. Please. I could really use some friends. And I'm NOT afraid to use GISM to get them!(Thanks to Benjamin Apocalypse for burning the CD for me, now THERE'S a friend!).

Allright, after all these cross-continental ramblings, I'd like to finish by bringing it back to the old Northwest with TRAGEDY and their slef titled LP. TRAGEDY are, like, one of my new favorite Portland bands (along with THE RIFFS, see last Issue). TRAGEDY are like birds pecking out your eyes on the tree of woe. Maybe if AMEBIX, MISERY, BORN AGAINST, and RIPCORN took summer vacation in Portland, got too blind drunk to drive back to Jackson Street, crashed their van into a Plaid Pantry while doing a hundred and ten, then the music on the car stereo would have to be TRAGEDY. Completely scathing music in a post apocalyptic hardcorethrashpunk style which leaves no sanity intact. Brilliant lyrics as well, "Words become obsolete like ideas and they won't have to burn the books when no one reads them anyway." about sums up how I feel about the fucking robots around me. Makes me think I should've done more political writing for this Issue instead of just trying to entertain for attention. Oh well, Issue #6! Anyway, I'm glad there's bands out there like TRAGEDY that keep hardcorepunk from becoming stagnant with everybody either sounding like ENT, DOOM, or DISCHARGE. Not that I don't love those bands, but this is 2002, let's hear something new! And so you shall, by getting this record which has no address for me to list!





AND NOW.....THE TOP TEN RECORDS  
LISTENED TO DURING THIS ISSUE

1. FLEAS AND LICE "Recipes For  
Catastrophes" LP
2. "Come Fill Your Glass With Us" Irish Songs  
Of Drinking And Blackguarding sung by The  
Clancy Brothers. LP
3. GISM "SoniCRIME TheRAPY" CD
4. WORMWOOD "Requiescat" CD
5. KISS "Dressed To Kill" tape
6. OLHO SECO "Havera Futuro" CD
7. TRAGEDY s/t LP
8. BLOOD OR WHISKEY "No Time To Explain"  
LP
9. ABUSO SONORO "Harencia" LP
10. PHALANX/DECREPIT split7"











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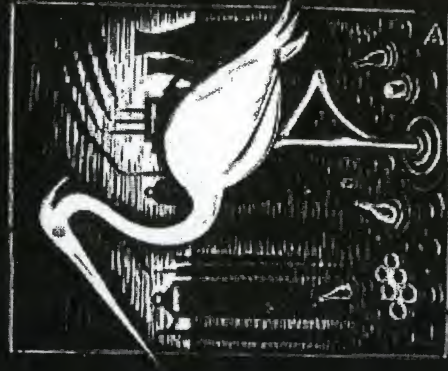
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